

The Story of Madwheeler by CallMeMaybee

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Max/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair (Past Relationship), Mike Wheeler/Eleven (Past Relationship)

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Summary:

Mike thought he had found the one. Then he laid eyes on Maxine.

The Story of Madwheeler

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike wants to find El more than anything.
Then Max rolls into town...

Eleven was the perfect girl. With her curly hair and deep brown eyes you could get lost in, she had it all. I thought I would never find a girl better than her. From her psychic powers to her adorable giggle I loved every bit of her. She was absolutely perfect.

Then I met Max.

She had everything I could ever want. She had the biggest blue eyes you would ever see. The way her eyes sparkled was like shining stars at night. Her hair was like beach waves at sunset, the way light bounced off her gorgeous red hair was like a halo framing her angelic face.

Immediately, I loved her. From her badass persona to her tough skater act, Maxine Mayfield was amazing.

I acted like I hated her, keeping her out of the party. What would El think if she found out about my ever growing crush on Max. No, I know what she would do. She would murder Max without laying a single finger on her. I couldn't let that happen.

So I pushed the girl I loved away, I pretended to want her gone. When I really wanted her to stay and be mine forever.

That day in the gym was the happiest I had ever been. Max's smile lit up the room as she went around on her skateboard. Her hair fell down her back and over her shoulders so perfectly. I could stare into those ocean eyes all day.

"I could be your zoomer."

Those words rang through my ears for minutes on end. The way she smiled and laughed. It made me smile too.

Then Eleven showed up and ruined everything. Tugging Max off her board. I had to act like El mattered and I wanted to find her. She didn't matter. Only Max mattered to me.

But Max never loved me. She was in love with Lucas. Lucas was all she cared about. She would never know how much I loved her. How much I cared for her. I loved her in a way Lucas would never.

But she still danced with him, and I still danced with Eleven, pretending to love this freakish girl. It was almost painful to watch Max kiss Lucas before I did it to El in order to kept up this circus performance of love.

Days, days passed by, and I watched as Max and Lucas fell deeper in love with each other.

With El in hiding for another year, it was easier to pretend to love her, without her right in front of me. It still was painful to see Max with Lucas, though.

Another few weeks passed by, it was now two weeks to Christmas, one week until school let out for the break. It was Saturday, we were all having a monthly party sleepover at my house. Everyone was there, except for one important party member.

Max was missing. Everyone seemed to dismiss it, saying she probably just had homework or something. Lucas, though was abnormally quiet in the whole conversation.

I knew Max better than that. Something was up. She had been acting even more snappy the past few days, I needed to know what was wrong.

Before anyone could say anything I was out the door and headed to a certian redhead's front door.

As I approached the house it almost seemed like something from a horror movie. The way the wooden boards on the front porch creaked and the right front window was cracked along the front, no doubt from a past fight held in the home. The house just seemed to give off bad vibes.

I knocked on the green front door gently. No cars were in the driveway. It appeared as though no one was home.

To my surprise, the door opened a few moments later.

Max was standing there, bare foot and only on small shorts and a tee shirt, most likely what she had slept in. Her hair didn't look like it had been brushed in days. As I looked into her piercing blue eyes they appeared to be filled with tears. Max's cheeks were stained with wet tear tracks and her eyes were slightly bloodshot.

She took a deep breath then glared at me.

"What do you want, Wheeler?" Max's tone was harsh but sounded like she was on the brink of tears.

"You didn't show up for the sleepover, I wanted to make sure you were okay." I said, keeping my eyes locked with her's.

She stared at me for a few more moments.

Then a single tear rolled down Max's already glistening cheek. She very quickly brushed it away.

"Thanks for the concern, but I'm fine Wheeler. I didn't want to go to your stupid sleepover. Besides, you hate me." Max slammed the door in my face as quickly as she had brushed away her tear.

I took the hint and decided to leave. Making my way back down the path to where I had left my bike.

Maybe soon I could figure out what was going on with Max.